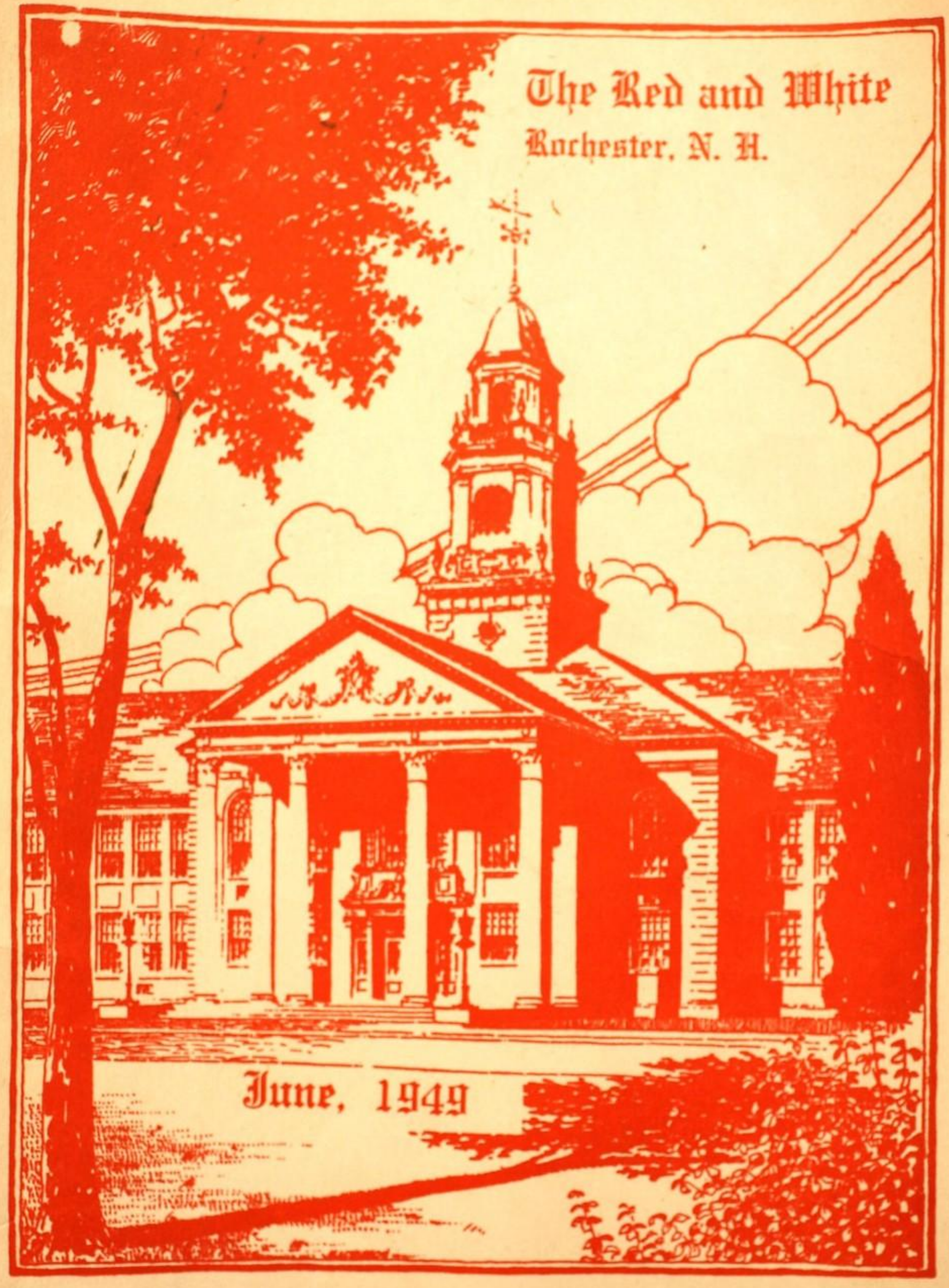
C. Woodes

The Red and White

Rochester, N. H.



June, 1949

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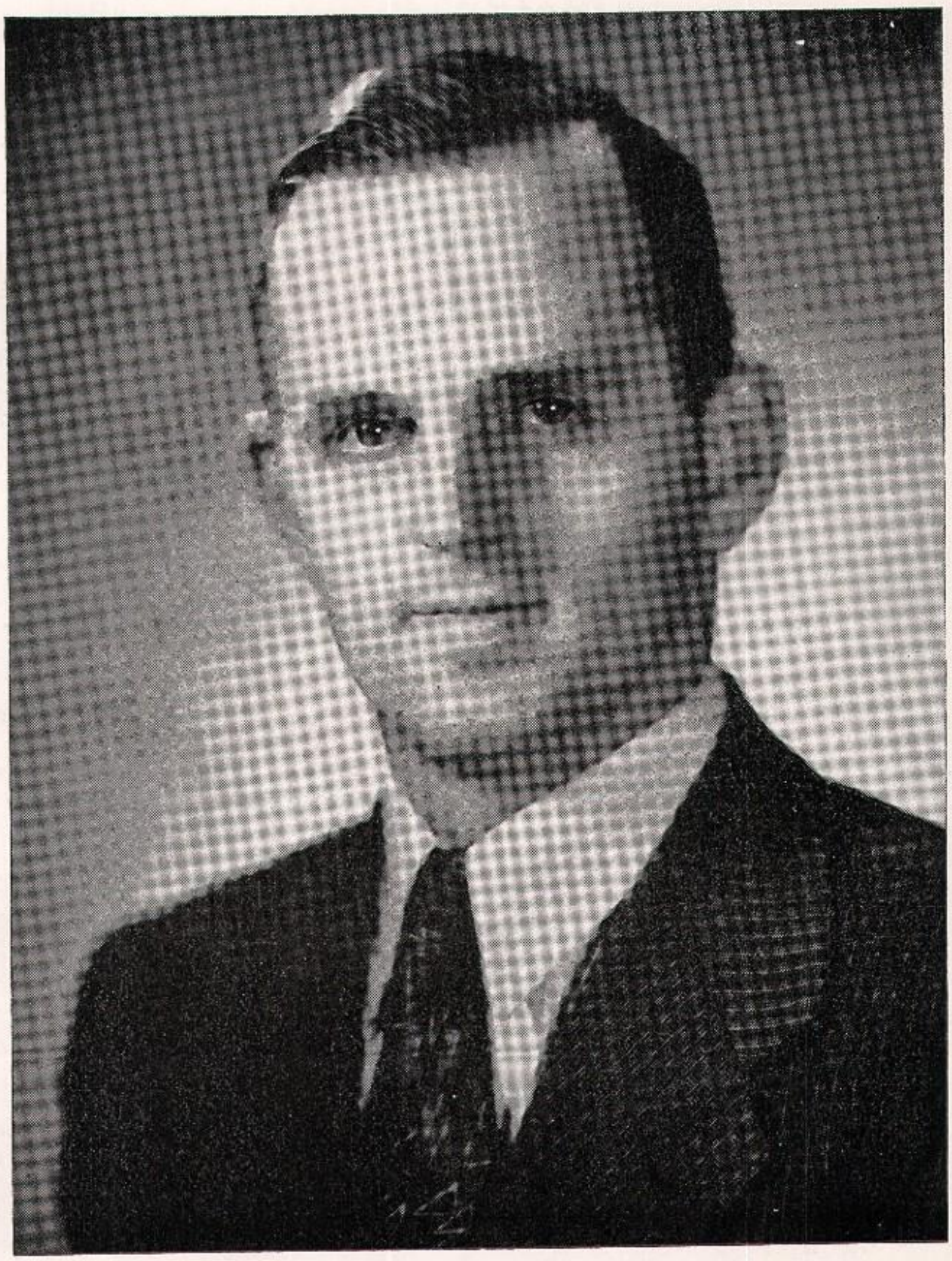
In Memoriam



MR. WILFRID CRETEAU

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish.*

THE RED AND WHITE

VOL. XXXV JUNE, 1949 NO. 3

Editorial

LOIS DAVIS, '49

It's bad enough to be treated like a freshman when you are a freshman. Now that you're a senior, you're going to let the world know it more than by the letters on your sweater. You're on top and every little underclassman is going to have to go through four years just as painfully as you did. Who's going to make it hard for them? . . . You are, you, the high and mighty seniors.

Well, you'll probably get away with it. But in making other people your playthings perhaps you've forgotten that toys are breakable. You were a toy once and will be again but you forget that now that you're a high and mighty senior—a person of privilege.

Being a senior does bring certain privileges, but they, in turn bring their responsibilities. It took you four years to reach this charmed spot, and something was happening all the time. Some of it was very painful, partly because nobody cared enough to smooth the way for you. Think back—how many times did you declare that, in their place, you'd be more understanding?

Well, you're in their place now. And how many freshmen are declaring just as indignantly against your behavior toward them? For all the good some of you got out of those four years, you might just have well played truant.

Perhaps you've forgotten how you used to be the one to stand around and hear everyone invited to a party except you. You were expected to be the Great Stone Face—and heart. Or you've forgotten how you gagged when it was you that elders were laughing at. Forgotten how your little unheard voice called out to those a notch above you who didn't pay any attention. Could you have forgotten?

And yet you remember other incidents—the first time that special someone glanced your way or your first unchaperoned party. Then how come those other memories went by the board?

Have you forgotten to remember how a friendly smile would have made your old clothes seem less conspicuous? Or the hand that would have helped you through the misery of those first days in high school? But the smile, the hand, were nowhere to be found.

You weren't asking for much—just

a little consideration. And that is all good manners are—a little consideration. Respect for your identity and the privilege of living were small favors to ask. Yet it is all you wanted from others. That is what those struggling underclassmen want from you—now. Don't deny them those small favors.

You're not expected to take over the social reforms of your high school in charge of all lost souls. Just remember your early days at Spaulding High. The way is difficult enough without you making any faces red with embarrassment or palms sticky with discomfort.

So let's play fair. The climb uphill is not easy. There are roadblocks we can't do anything about. But as for all your precious little hurting pebbles you can just throw them into the ocean!

Citizenship

GEORGE HARDWICK, '49

Today, it would be safe to say that the greatest desire of all freedom-loving peoples is for complete and permanent world peace. Such a peace is not Fascist, not Communist, but a state of world-wide harmony to be enjoyed by all.

In order to have such a democratic peace, the advantages of democracy and its better way of life must be made clear to the rest of the world. This goal can be reached only through the example of those living under such a system. To halt the surge of Communism and give the people under its tyrannical heel reasons for resistance, we must make our own democracy so attractive and so efficient that there will be no question of its desirability.

For the most part this program merely means good citizenship to be practiced by each and every one of us. Now what are its essential requirements?

The foremost privilege given to the American citizen is his right to vote for the candidate of his choice; yet, not much more than half of those eligible to do so voted in the last national election. What did Poland, deep behind the iron curtain, think of this dire neglect on the part of the citizens of America? Voting, like many other privileges in a democracy, is likewise a duty.

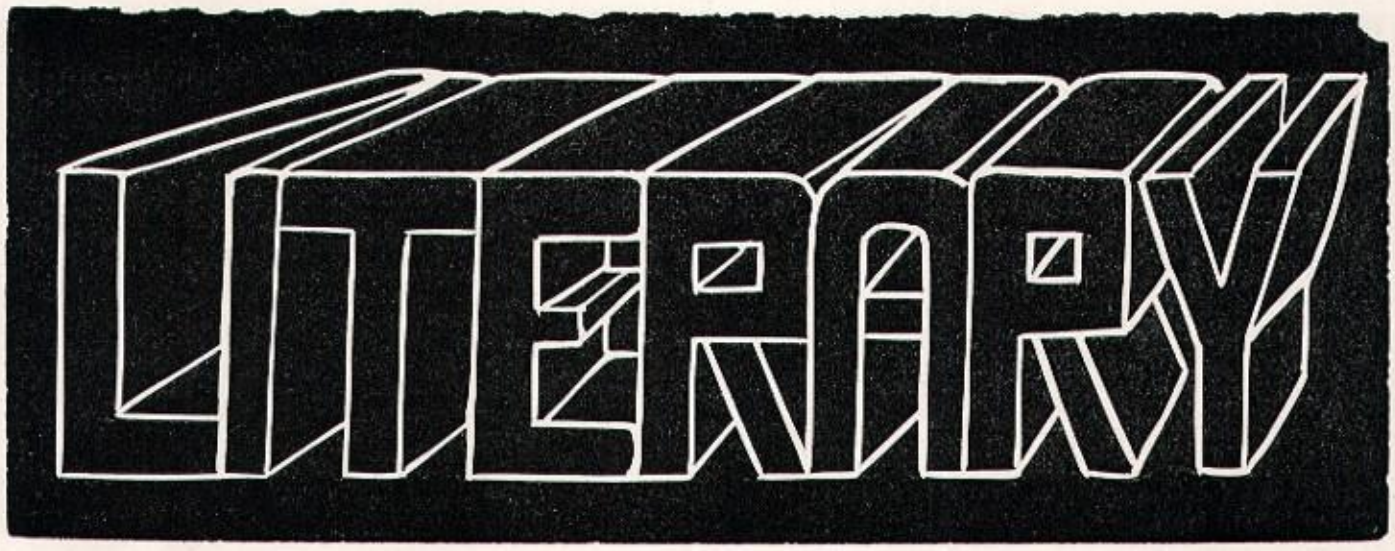
One of the basic principles on which our great country is founded is the privilege of expressing one's self fearlessly. In view of this fact, why were candidates for public office insulted and attacked in this very town as well as many other localities? If this is to be truly the land of free speech, we must give such an opportunity to others as well as using it ourselves.

Something that has always disturbed the "borderline" nationalities, those who do not know just which way to go, is the ever-increasing number of instances of racial and religious prejudices in the United States. Will the tragic stories of these outrages in a nation supposedly built on the principle of equality cause these countries to accept democracy? If we are to expect to be treated on an equal basis with our fellow men, we must not allow the question of race, creed, or color sway our judgment or reason at any time.

Although these are the basic essentials of democratic citizenship, we must not overlook the many other things that are also important. These are a succession of seemingly little duties which, when added up, are just as important as some of the more obvious points. They are especially important to us as students as they can be performed by everyone regardless of age.

Maybe you never stopped to think of it this way, but care of school books is as much a duty of citizenship as voting.

(Continued on Page 22)



Triumphs the Sea

LESLIE TOWLE, '49

"Laugh, you grizzly old fool! Go ahead!" he screamed in a frenzy, "but God help you when Aaron catches up with you!"

"Ha-ha-ho, aha-ha-ha-ha! At last I've got you where I want you. A-ha-ha-ha. If only old 'Oilskin' could see you now, you old blatherskite, he'd split his sides laughing. Aha-ha-ha-ha!"

And with that, the weatherbeaten leather of old Barnacle Pete's seamed countenance wrinkled with delight; his hoarse cackle increased to convulsions of wicked mirth. For there beneath him, his sun-tanned face made white by the hand of the dreaded fever, lay Captain Jim, whose emaciated figure tossed and rolled as the ship pitched on the heaving sea. As he lapsed into a semi-coma, the events of the past few days flashed through the Captain's subconscious mind.

Two days before, he had been the proud master of his ship, calmly contemplating the routine sail to the West Indies, just another of the more than fifty times he had guided his vessel over its familiar course. Never had he dreamed that his crew of five men would have the audacity to challenge his authority, or actually undertake usurpation of it. But mutiny on the high sea is not unheard of, and thus the Captain found himself in the ship's brig. The rough treatment and shock had succeeded in weakening him to the point where yesterday he had contracted the dreaded "hold" fever.

"By Jove," he thought, "I gave them a good tussle anyway. I did old Oilskin for good. I never did like that rascal."

As the hours wore on, and darkness filtered through the cracks, like the smell of onions at chow, Captain Jim settled into a fitful sleep which was terminated abruptly by the squeaking of oilless hinges on the cabin door. What new danger was this? The captain froze in his bed, every nerve aquiver. Then—a voice, floating through the darkness in a hoarse whisper.

"Captain Jim, Captain Jim!"

The captain remained silent, his mind attempting to decide whether he should answer. While he mused, the voice came floating from the darkness again.

"Captain Jim! Captain Jim! It's me, Aaron."

"Aaron, God bless you! Help me get out of this mess."

Faithful Aaron, he might have known he could rely on him.

"Hurry up, Cap. Get some clothes on. The ship is anchored in the Cape for more men, and we may be able to sneak off. I got loose, and nobody's about, but we'll have to hurry."

Fifteen minutes later, two figures crept stealthily along the deck, their
RED & WHITE 10—2B
stooped bodies silhouetted against the moon. Then a cry! Someone had seen them!

"After them, men! Catch the prisoners!"

And two figures splashed simultaneously into the serene harbor.

Lanterns flashed here and there, and broken cries and pounding feet broke the stillness of the tropical night.

Two hours later, the mutineers stood silently watching the limp body of their captain stretched on the deck. Even in their rebellion, they had not planned his death. Their faces reflected a grudging admiration for the man they had overthrown. And as Aaron and the man they had hated and plotted against were silently slipped overboard to their watery graves, Barnacle Pete exclaimed, "Well, boys, he deserved to die fighting!"

Heroes in Miniature

ANNA MINICUCCI, '49

"There he goes, get him!" yelled Butch, "now's our chance!" Jip jumped over the fence and aimed his sling shot at the running figure.

The stone floated through the air, but the figure disappeared into the shadows.

"Gosh, I must've missed him; we'll never find him now. Mr. Ford said he stole three chickens last night and suspected he would come again tonight. Just think, if we had caught him, we'd be the heroes of Meadowbrook!"

There had been a series of robberies in the small farm area. Both Jip and Butch, who were not more than ten years old each, had decided to put a stop to this marauding and to be heroes in the making, hid in the bushes and lay in wait for their victim.

It was a dark night but neither would admit he was frightened. Many hours dragged by before they heard a rustling in the bushes.

"Here he comes; what'll we do?" whispered Butch with a big gulp.

"Let's wait a few more minutes and then we'll catch him red-handed!" answered Jip, trying to sound brave.

They waited patiently. The constant peeping of the frogs could be heard distinctly from the nearby meadow. Jip and Butch took turns looking through the bushes. The mysterious figure was just leaving the coop and tip-toeing across the farm yard and began to hasten his step.

"Let's go now, but be careful, Jip," muttered Butch shakily.

They started to chase after the figure.

But now it was all over and their plan had failed. They were ready to give up and go home, downhearted and disappointed when Butch spied a worn brown hat on the ground.

"Look what I found. He must have lost his hat when he was running, Jip!" Butch examined the hat and yelled, "Gosh, there's initials in it, J. M.—why, that stands for John Matthews. He is the new man that lives in the old shack."

"Everyone always talks about him and says he never goes out," added Jip excitedly. "We can't tell on him, he is awfully poor."

"Well, let's go pay him a visit and see what he has to say."

They ran side by side down the little hill and across the green field. As they approached the tumbled shack, Jip said, "Maybe we should come back tomorrow. It's awfully dark in there."

"No," announced Butch sternly, "we've got to see him tonight."

They crossed the worn lawn and tapped on the door. They listened tensely. There was a long pause;

then the door opened slowly. An elderly man appeared in the doorway. He was ragged and tired looking. A shameful look was reflected on his troubled face.

Butch spoke first, very quietly, "We saw you trying to steal those chickens tonight, Mr. Matthews."

Mr. Matthews bowed his head in shame as he ran his fingers through his loose white hair. He looked at the boys for a quick second, then he covered his wrinkled face with his long hands.

Then he paused, as if to search for words, and then he said in a whisper, "I'm sorry, boys, I deserve any punishment you see fit."

"But why did you do it?" asked Jip who was a little more sympathetic.

"Why? When I moved here I couldn't find a job and folks seemed to be afraid of me. But of course that is no excuse for me stealing but I got hungry, and I had to do something."

The boys looked at each other for a long time, each seemed to read the other's thoughts but not a word was spoken.

Finally, Butch broke the silence. "We're not going to tell anyone if you promise never to do it again."

The boys started to turn to leave when Mr. Matthews said, "Boys, you have made me realize what a coward I have been. I will try again tomorrow for a job and keep on trying until I find one. I know I will."

"Thank you again, boys. I intend to pay for everything I er—borrowed. Goodnight."

Jip went over to Mr. Matthews and shook his hand and said, "Can Butch and I be your friends? We would like to come and see you once in a while."

Mr. Matthews could not hide the tears as they streaked down his face. He shook both boy's hands and said determinedly "It's a deal, fellows!"

Jip and Butch walked home slowly filled with many good thoughts. They had just made a new friend. A friend to someone that needed friendship. The boys walked back over the hill very proudly. For them it was the beginning of another day and they both knew that everything would go well for Mr. Matthews.

Oh, isn't it wonderful to be young and be able to help people!

Compensation

Dressed in ragged and torn rags, with a long white beard, the old man trudged up the lonely path, hurrying to get back to his hut before nightfall. Now and then a chipmunk chittered angrily at being disturbed, or a bird would chirrup saucily.

He was a hermit, living high in the hills, with no company save that of a faithful but feeble hound, and the animals and birds of the woods. He wasn't lonely; he led a contented life to be envied by any man. He had no worries about money; he had no worries about food; he ate only the vegetables and berries from his neatly cultivated garden. You might call him eccentric, but who are you to pass judgment upon him, you who live in a filthy, noisy, bustling city?

Yesterday his dog disappeared. No trace of him could be found, try though the old man might. Usually if the hound wandered away he would come back at twilight, howl and scratch at the door of the hut, but last night there was no howl, no scratching, no noises save that of the grasshoppers and crickets as they chirped in the dooryard.

This morning he arose early, with the sun. As he went to the door, he could see grass and leaves all sparkling and glistening with dew. A lone mosquito whined sadly about the dooryard, while a far-off crow cawed harshly.

(Continued on Page 22)

A Few Definitions

Adams: The only wolf who couldn't use the gambit, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Adult: A person who stops growing at the ends and starts to grow at the middle.

Alimony: The high cost of leaving.

Bubble bath: There's no place like foam.

Love: One darn thing after another.

Meteorologist: A man who can look into a girl's eyes and tell whether.

Skunk: A pussy cat with a secret weapon.

Spring: The time when a young man's fancy turns to the girl that he has been thinking about all winter.

Here's a new variation of a very old one.

There were two cannibals strolling down Fifth Avenue. "Who was that lady I saw you with the other night?" asked the first.

"That was no lady," the other assured him. "That was my dinner."

They tell about the inebriated cavalier who boarded a taxi at 42nd Street and Broadway and, pointing to one of the revolving signs on the Times Building, said, "Driver, jush follow that sign."

In darkest Brooklyn a pupil reported to his nature teacher, "Dis morning I hoid a boid choiping."

"No, John," corrected his teacher. "You heard a bird chirping."

"Funny!" commented John. "I coulda swore it was a boid choiping."

A Scotsman leaned against a midtown bar holding his stomach and moaning.

"Sick?" asked a friend.

"Verra, verra sick," said the Scotsman. "I'm afraid I've got yoors."

"What's 'yoors'?" asked the stranger.

The Scotsman brightened immediately. "Make it a scotch and soda," he said.

A Dutch Treat Club quartette broke into an impromptu version of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." A guest broke into tears.

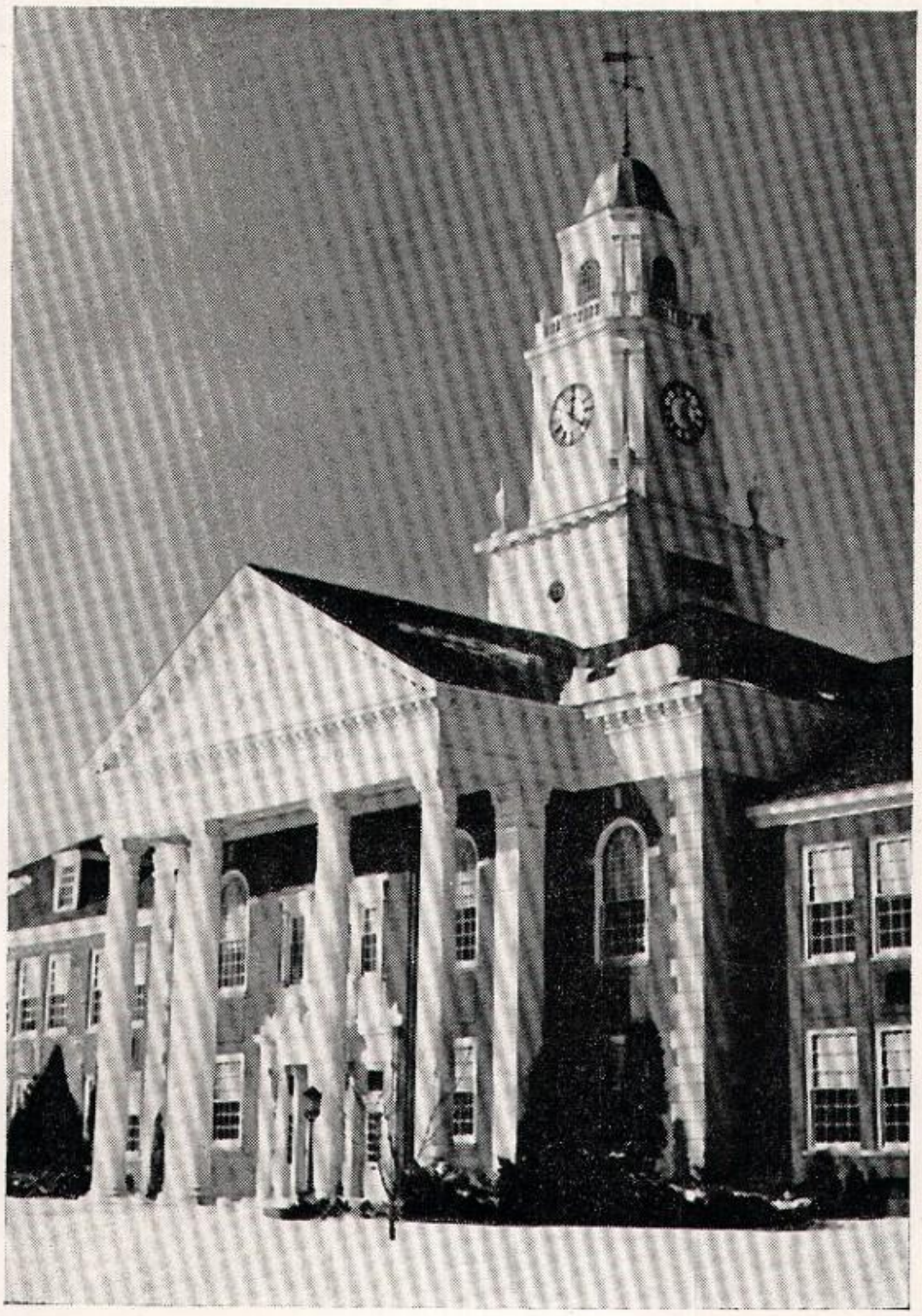
"I didn't know that you were Irish," said his host.

"I'm not," said the guest. "I'm a musician."

A modest girl never pursues a man. Nor, so they say, does a mouse trap pursue the mouse.

"Do you know how to make antifreeze?"

"Sure. Just hide her red flannels."

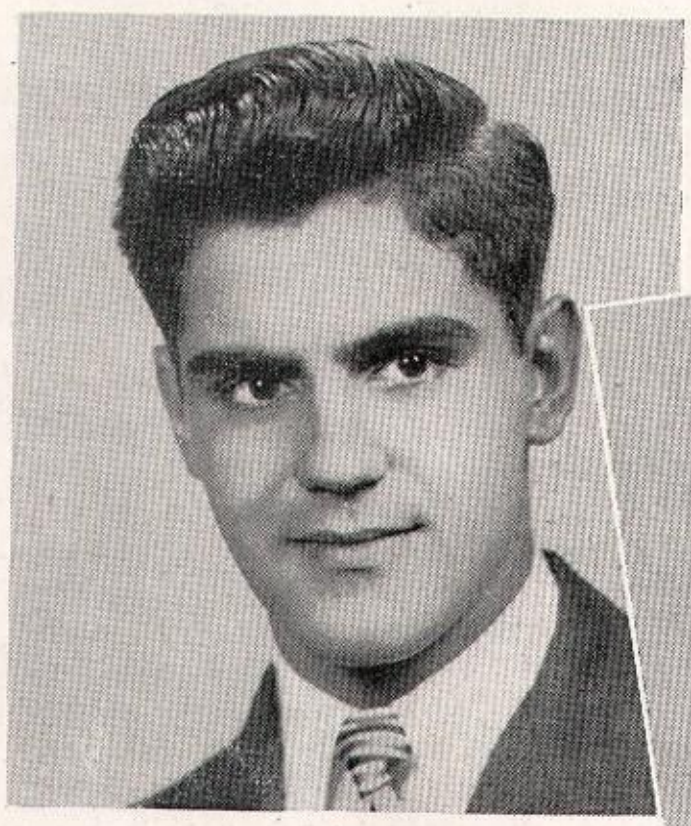


SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL

What Does the Future Hold?

MAURICE BICKFORD, '49

Now we're marching side by side,
But soon we all will part,
To go into a world—so wide
That baffles mind and heart.
Not knowing what the future holds.
Yet with spirits all aglow,
We'll only learn as life unfolds,
Yet bravely on we'll *go*.



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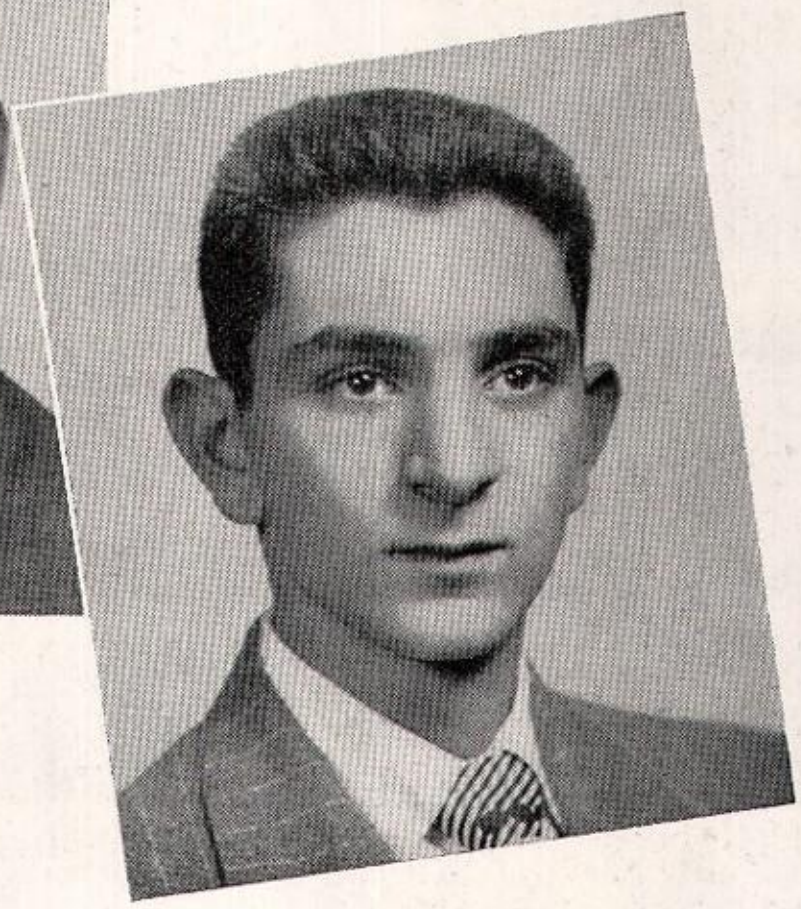
PRESIDENT



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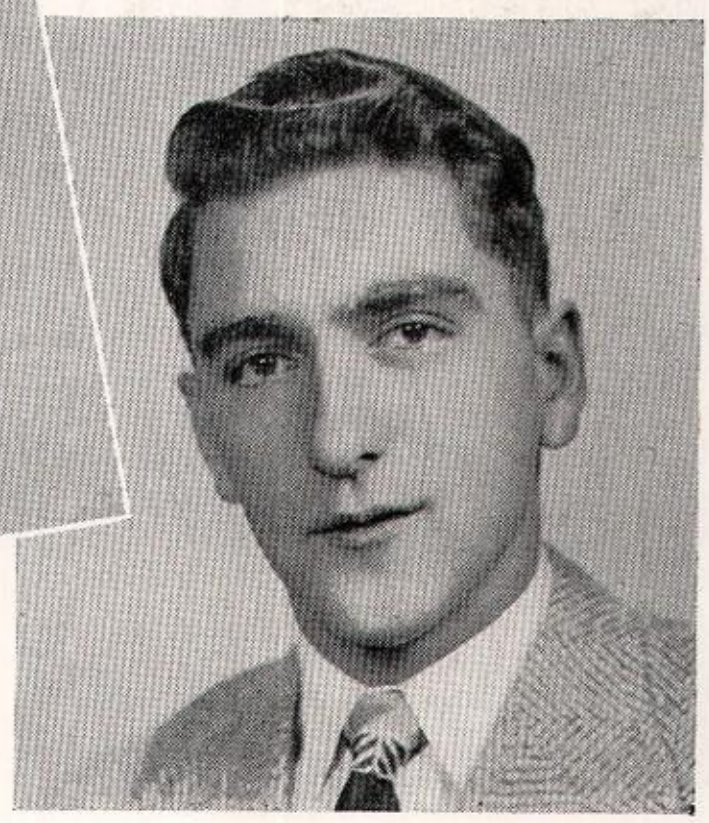
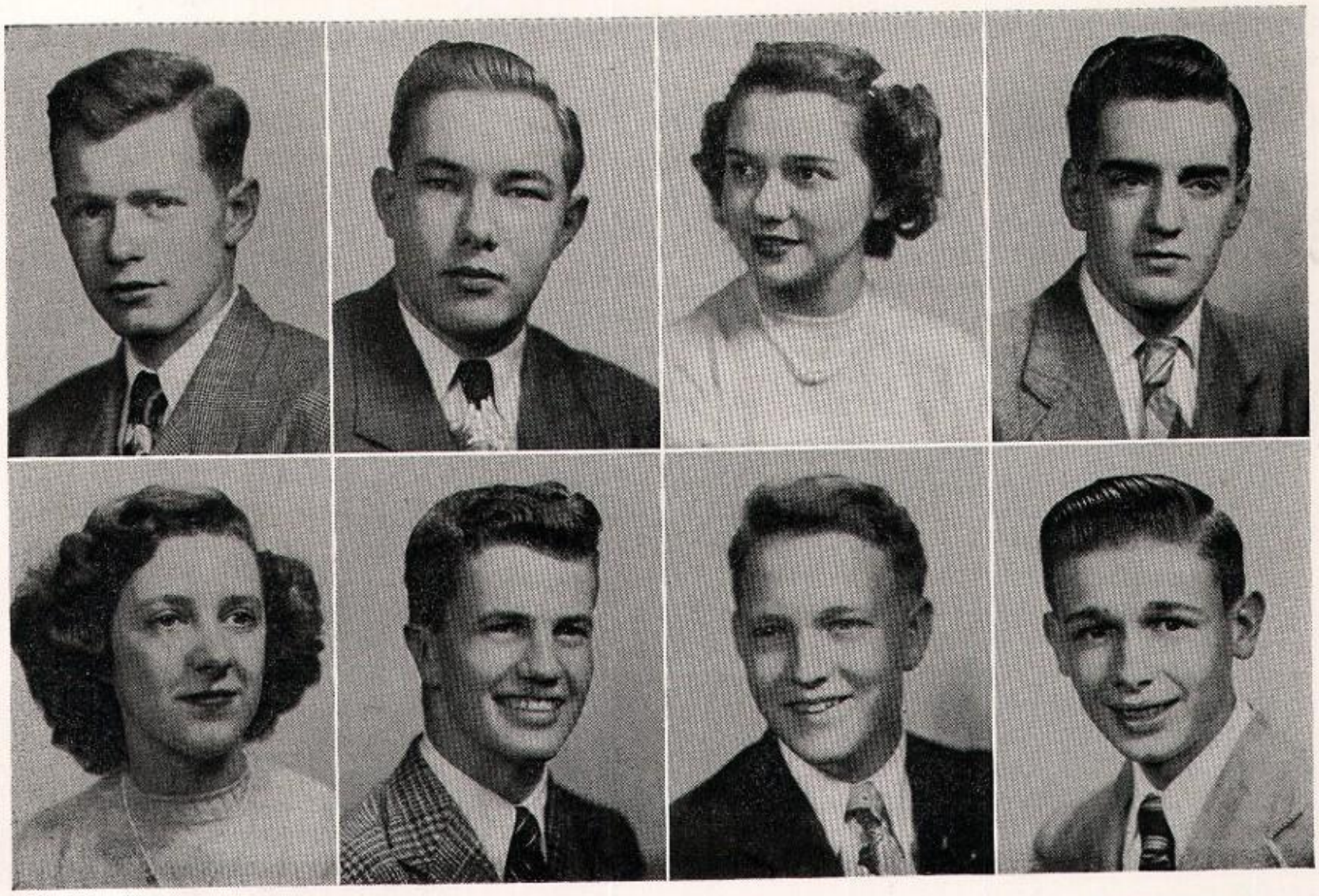
SECRETARY

CARROLL HAM
TREASURER





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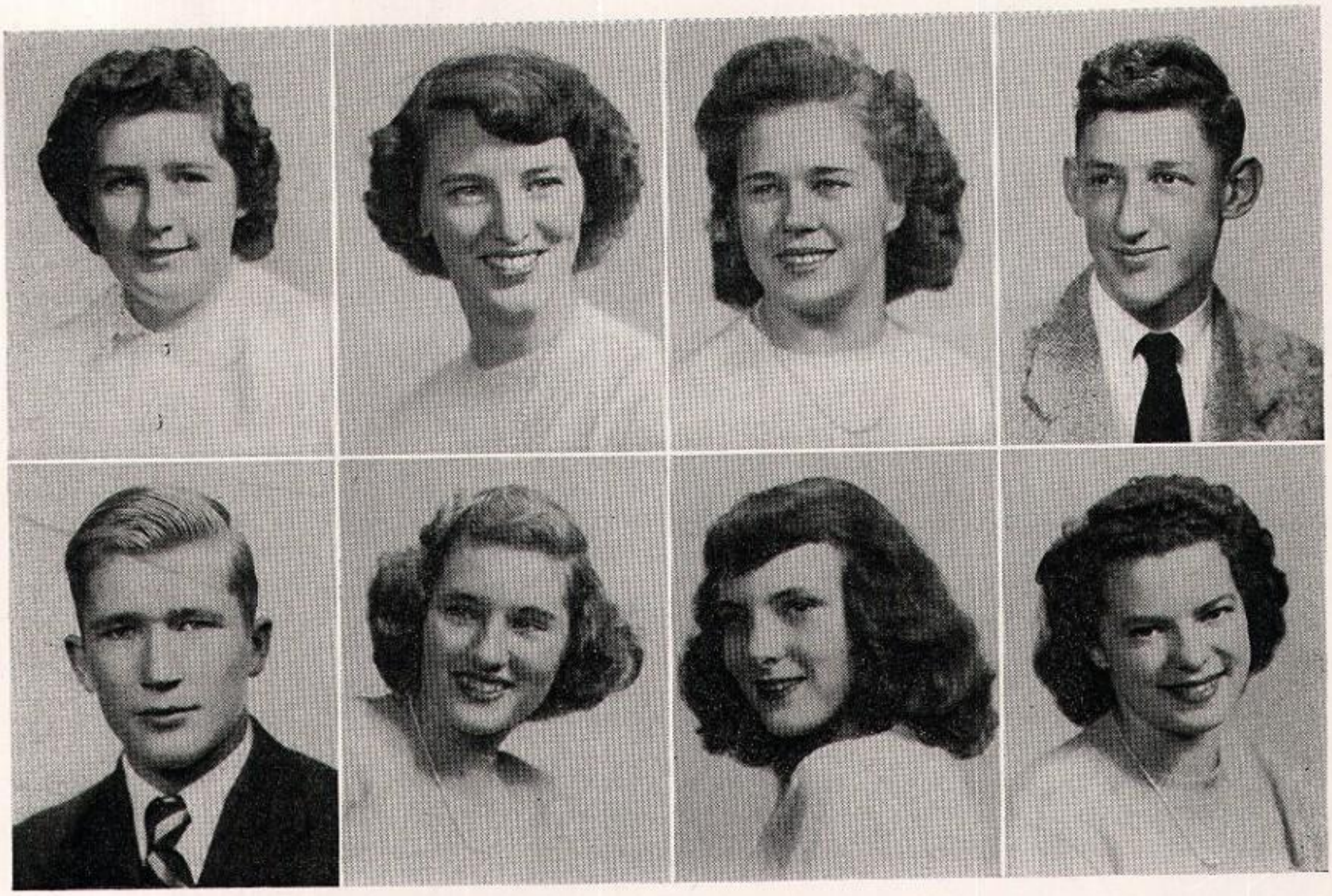

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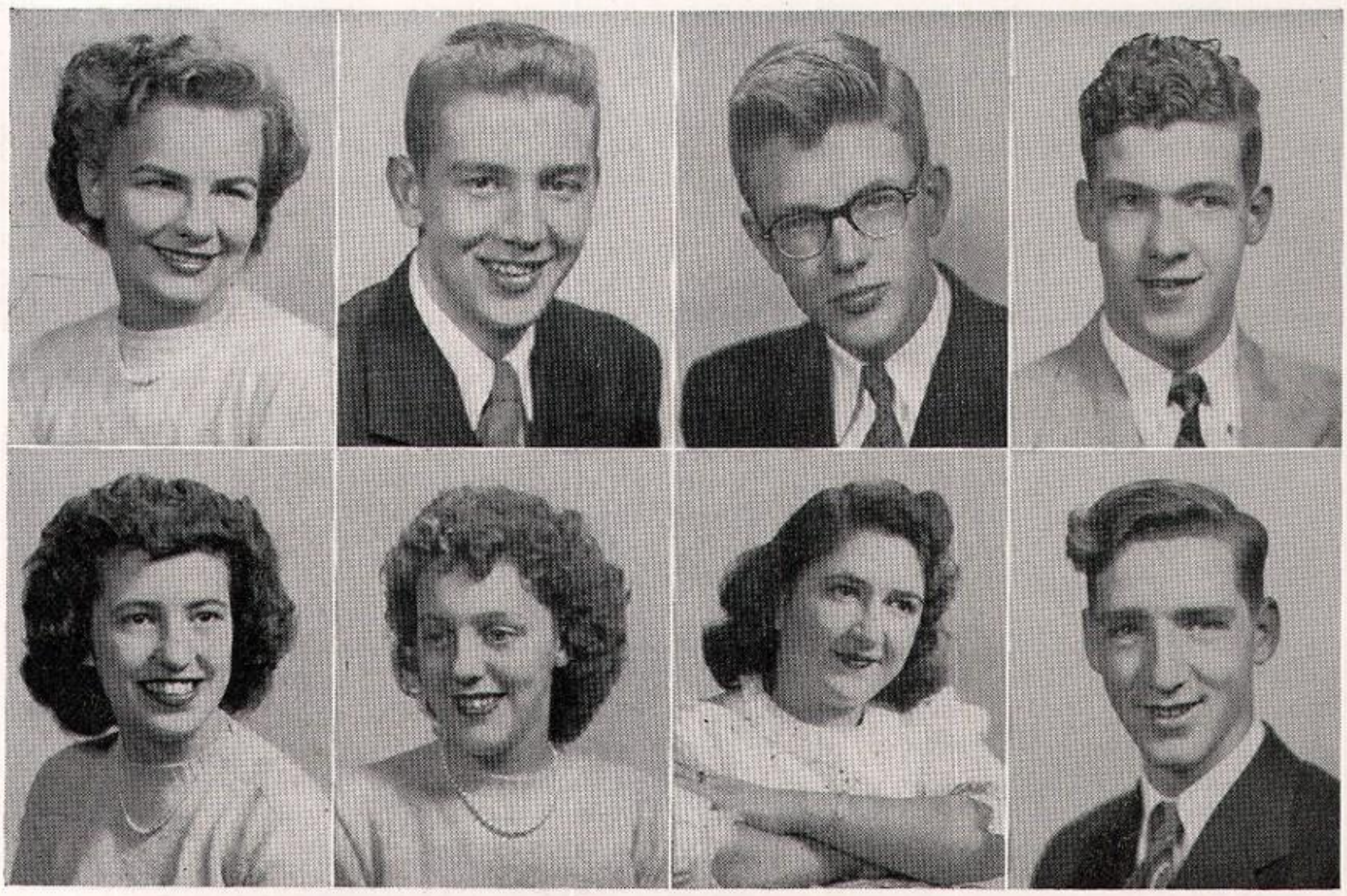

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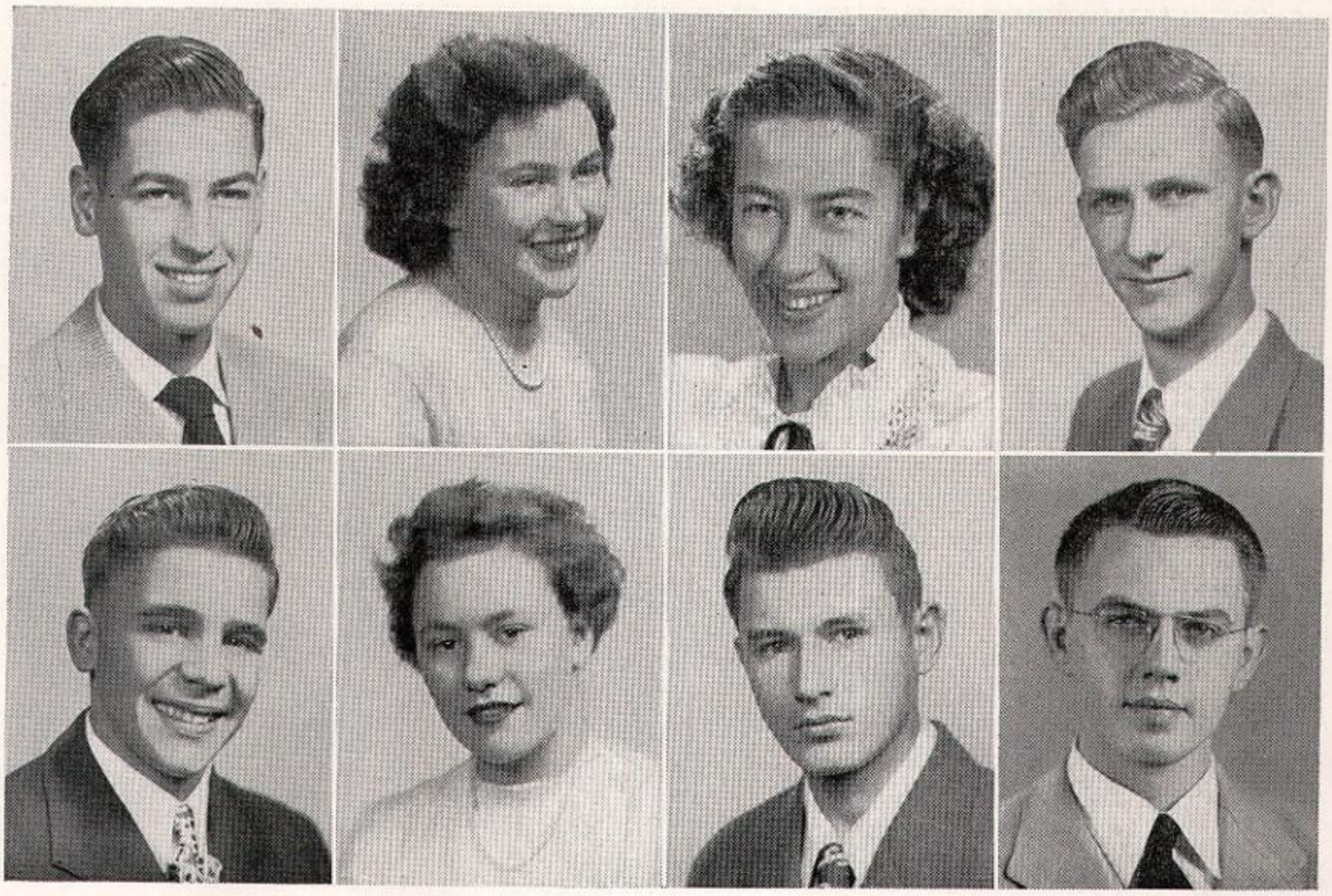

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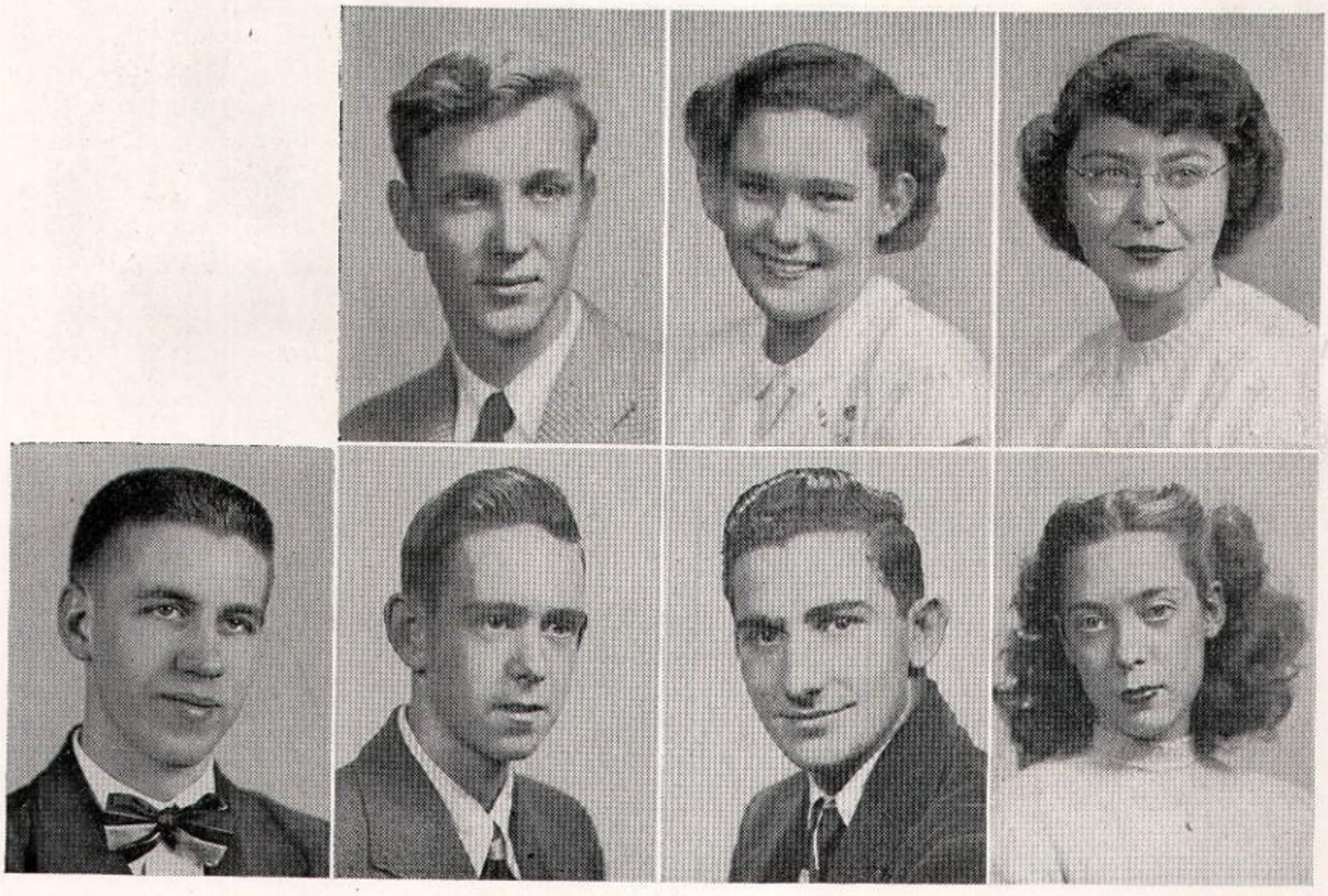

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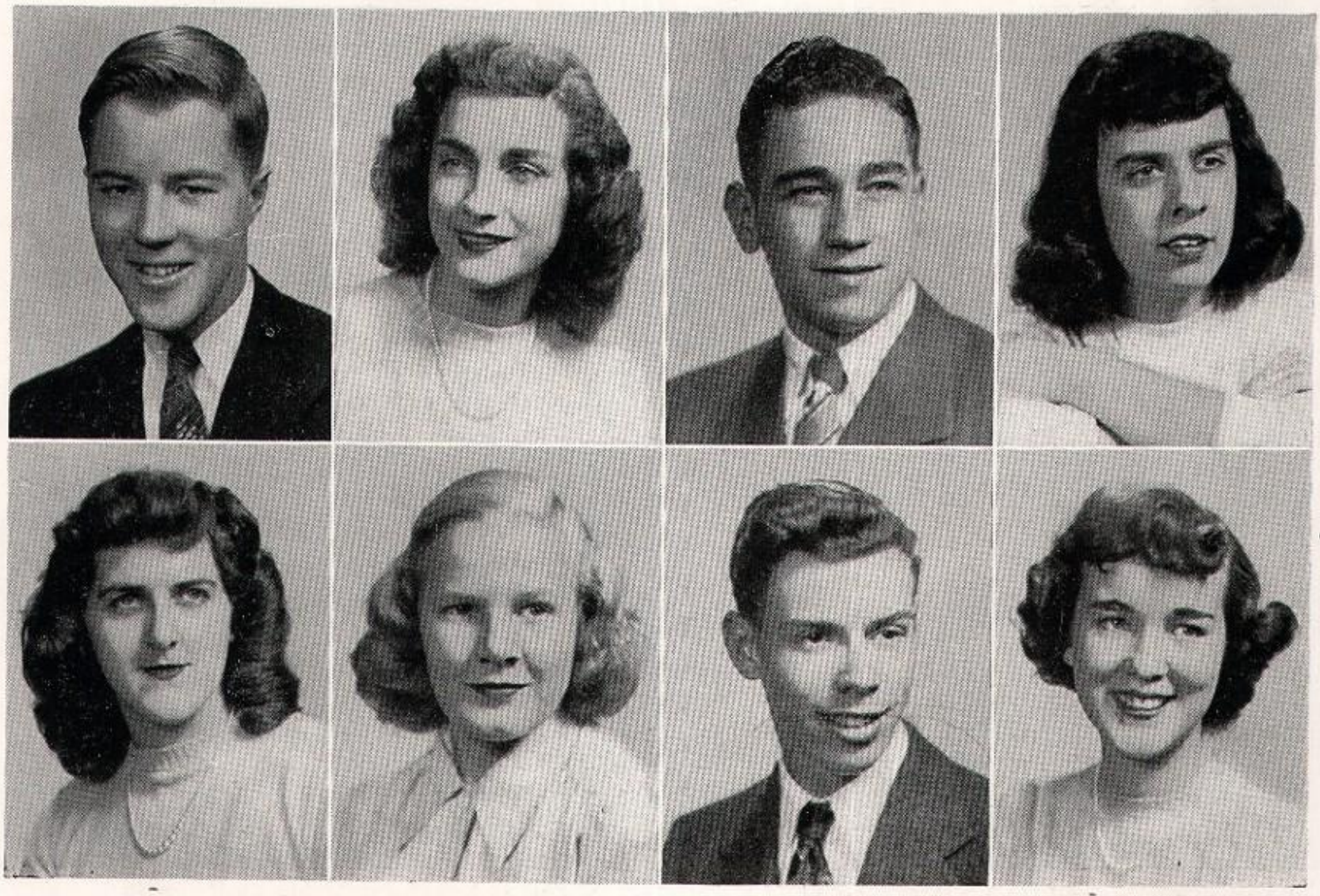

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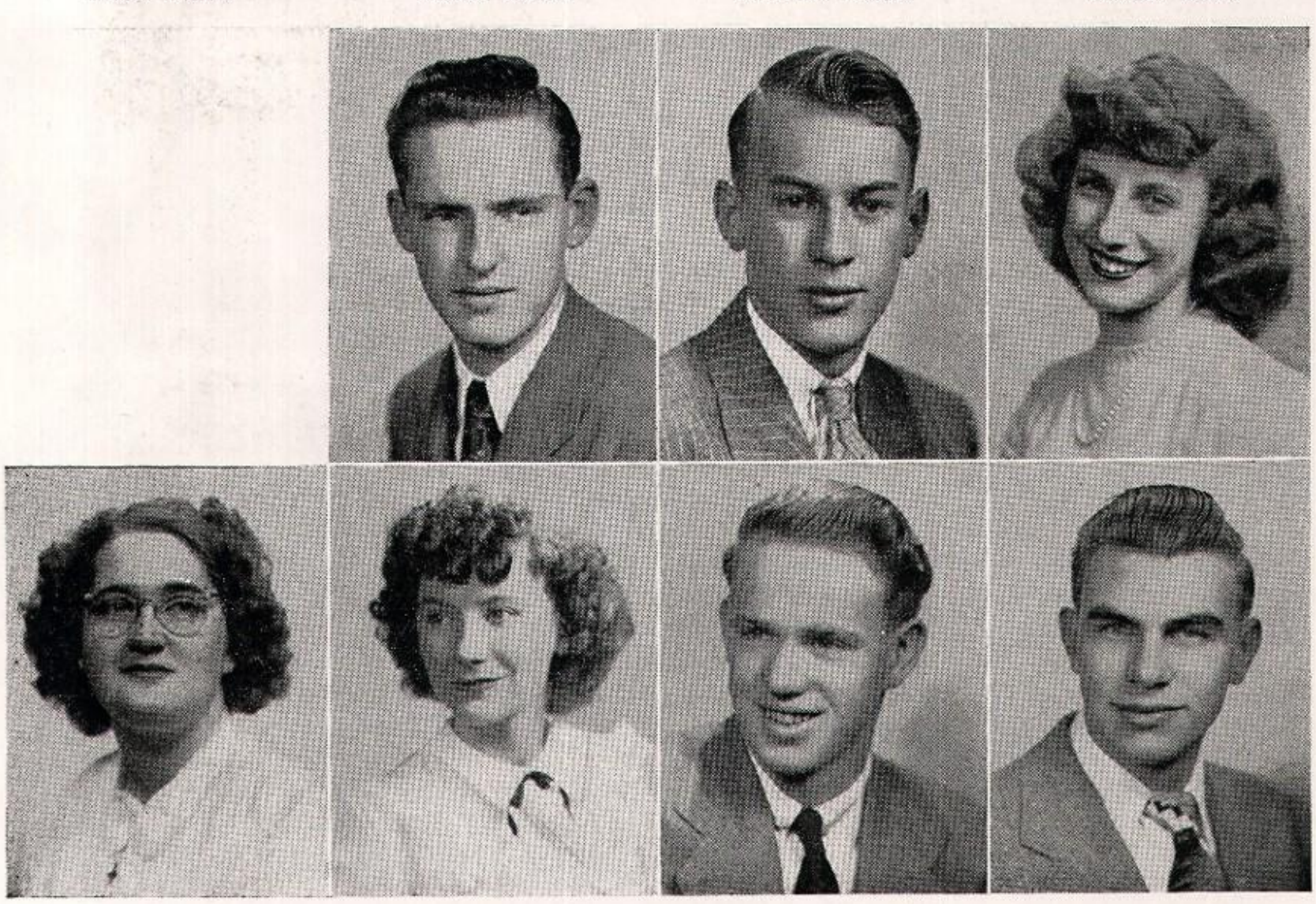

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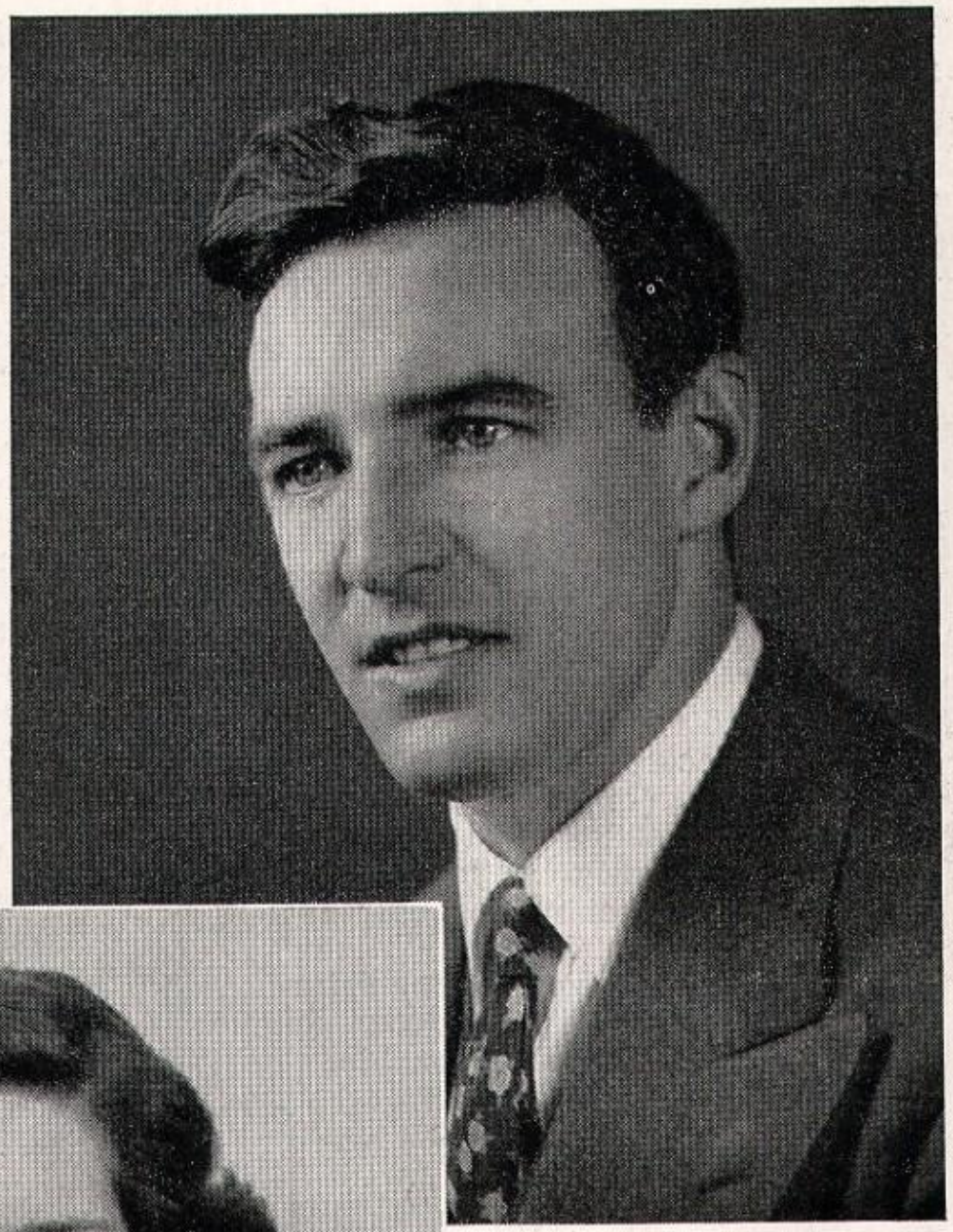


Class Adviser

VIRGINIA McNAMARA

CITIZENSHIP

(Continued from Page 4)

The school children of many countries have neither the beautiful schools nor the facilities that we possess. The future citizens of the world on whose shoulders must fall a great deal of responsibility are in school at the present time. It is in school that they must learn to accept the burdens as well as the privileges of citizenship.

Democracy is so much better than any other way of life that the only successful world peace must be in a democratic world. But in order for the world to accept it, we must make democracy acceptable to the critical eye of those living without it today. We are very fortunate in being able to enjoy democracy but let us never become so lax that we lose our hold on some of its basic principles. Democracy is too precious to the future of the world to let it slip out of our grasp because of bad citizenship.

COMPENSATION

(Continued from Page 7)

All that day the old man searched, calling to his friend, hoping he would find him soon, but as the sun rose higher and higher, and began to sink lower and lower, he decided to go home and wait for his hound to come, cursing himself for letting the dog wander, old and feeble as he was.

Now as the sun was beginning to set, he was nearly home. The well-trod path was speckled with golden-orange light, and darkness was spreading throughout the denser growths.

He kept going along the path when suddenly by a fallen rotting log, a few feet from the trail, he saw something spotted. In a second he knew what it was. Rushing through the tangle of bushes, he found his dog, dead. He had been dead only a few minutes; his body was not completely cold, but no spark of life remained. How terrible it must have been for the old dog to have lain there helpless while he could hear his master calling to him. As he heard the old man coming closer, maybe he tried to get up and run to meet him, but the strain was too much for his tired old heart. Anyhow, the creature was dead, he died without the comfort of having his master near, and would have to be buried. Slowly the hermit picked up his one and only friend, and walked slowly toward his home; his search was over.

That night, with the hound buried, he sat in his hut, all alone now, overcome with memories of the good time he and his dog had had in the last few years. He never realized how much a sad-eyed old hound could mean to him. The old man sat there, thinking of the good times; they seemed so real, and yet they happened quite a while ago. He took a book, leather-bound, scarred and stained, from the shelf. It was a book of Tennyson's poetry. Then, as if by magic, when he opened it, these lines from "In Memoriam" sprang to meet his eyes:

"And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness seem so great;
The lowness of the present state
That sets the past in high relief?"

They fitted him to perfection, and he was comforted. Maybe the days passed by were not so wonderful as they seemed; he believed in Tennyson, and went to bed, content.

The weather forecaster hadn't been right in three months, and his resignation caused little surprise. His alibi, however, pleased the city council. "I can't stay here any longer," read the note. "The climate doesn't agree with me."

The day when the stock market collapsed in 1929, Eddie Cantor asked a hotel clerk for a room on the nineteenth floor. The clerk inquired, "Do you want it for sleeping or for jumping?"

NEWS

Senior Tri-Hi-Y

The Senior Tri-Hi-Y has at present a membership of fifty girls, working under a Constitution drawn up by the members at the beginning of the year.

Several annual projects have been continued this year: at Thanksgiving members brought food and canned goods to make up a basket for a needy and appreciative family. A Christmas Ball was held in the gym, and the proceeds were used to dress a little girl for Christmas. A bridge party was held in February to raise money for the scholarship fund; this amounts to a hundred dollars and is given annually to some Senior Tri-Hi-Y member who is planning to enter college or take up a profession. In March, several members of the club attended the Tri-Hi-Y Older Girls' Conference, held right here in Rochester.

One of the highlights of the club is its basketball team, the only girls' team of the kind in the school. During the season five games were played: one each with Sanford, Somersworth, and Milton, and two with Berwick—all were victories except the Sanford game. A Play Day was participated in by the team, at the University of New Hampshire, and there they took the honors. The team also had a game with the boys for the benefit of the March of Dimes; going into the game with a fifty point lead, the girls came out on top.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year: President, Anita Guilmette; Vice-President, Mary York; Secretary, Harriet Collins; Treasurer, Norma Wood.

As a final outing of the year, the club went to York Beach.

BARBARA CALLAGHAN
OUR PROM QUEEN

Hammy

BARBARA NADEAU, '50

She has gone now, but I know where;
Up into heaven, without a care.
Quickly she left—no chance for good-byes,
Now in her place shines a star in our skies.

Lord of Eternity, why did she die?
She who loved life, more so than I—
Never quarrelling — carefree and gay—
Happy-go-lucky—that was her way!

She wouldn't want us to be sad,
For she's in heaven, and is so glad;
Young she may be, but older, too,
For God's her companion now, not me and you.

Macbeth

After several weeks of rehearsals at Station WWNH under the direction of Mr. Richard Purcell, of Station WWNH, and Mrs. Wight, selected members of the Senior English classes presented on Wednesday, June 2nd, a radio adaptation of Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Sound effects carefully worked out by Mr. Purcell and Mr. Kotik, accompanying this production, brought into action an array of radio techniques. The kindness and generosity of Mr. Purcell in giving freely of his time and talent to make this broadcast a success is greatly appreciated by the students of Spaulding High.

The cast of characters is as follows: Announcer and Holinshed, Robert Carignan; First Witch, Prudence Hersom; Second Witch, Madelyn Pike; Third Witch, Lois Davis; Macbeth, Elwood Floyd; Lady Macbeth, Patricia Palmer; Messenger, Robert Dowst; Porter, Rodman Davenport; Macduff, David Berry; Malcolm, George Hardwick; Donalbain, Robert Fabian; Murderer, Rodman Davenport; Gentlewoman, Prudence Hersom; Doctor, Rodman Davenport; Spirit, Lois Davis.

Dramatic Club

During the early spring season the "Masque and Dagger" worked on several one-act plays. "Thursday Evening," a domestic comedy by Christopher Morley, was presented at programs of the Women's Clubs of Rochester and South Berwick. A cutting of "She Stoops to Conquer," a popular English play, was our entry at the New Hampshire State Dramatic Festival, held March 19, at the University of New Hampshire. We received a rating of "very good." These two plays, plus "Glamorizing Joanne," comprised our annual night of one-act plays for public production.

The Thespian initiation was held in May after a Dramatic Club supper; nine pupils were eligible for membership in this dramatic honor society. They included Carroll Ham, George Hardwick, Robert Fabian, Kenneth Horne, Elinor Arlin, Beverly Campbell, Carline Clement, Patricia Duchesneau, and Gerald Fernald.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

JAMES FLAKER, '50

Do you remember
How we watched the leaves whirl,
And flutter and swirl,
Until only one was left that November?

I heard you say,
"God, when the world ends,
Let it be in November."
—It was—
Do you remember?

REFLECTING WATERS

JUANITA BARCOMB, '49

Pictures of the heavens, the clouds, the
birds, and breeze
O'ershadowed by the darker etchings of the
leaves
Visions of these beauties beheld in shim-
mering pools
But for a fleeting moment for caressing
breezes cool
Destroy the tranquil splendor of that mir-
rored scene!

FORESTS

PAUL HARRIS, '50

Trees stretching majestically up to the sky,
Beautiful forests dotted with flowered clear-
ings,
Silver streams winding endlessly through
a painted gorge,
Purple mountains capped in glistening white,
Red and purple sunsets on the distant hori-
zon,
Nature's endless beauty surrounding us on
all sides.
You like the wild,
I like city life.

THE MOON

BETTY ENAIRE, '49

Drifting softly on a calm golden bay,
A lighted crescent glides through fluffy
down;
Streaming behind it scattered moonbeams
stay,
A pale yellow light to create her crown.
A mysterious angel robed in gold,
Barefooted across a celestial floor
Wandering as in many years of old;
Undisturbed, floating o'er a troubled moor.
Her hidden path lighted by silvery stars,
Stretching to depths beyond, never to end;
A path that only a wind strewn cloud mars.
Her angelic beauty only to lend.
Ending her reign laughing the world to
scorn;
Silently slips in shadow and moves on.

REQUIEM

MADELYN PIKE, '49

The trees trembled before the wind's might,
As they bent and they broke tragically;
The wind shrieked and screamed into the
night
While the white moon appeared magically.
The dead leaves rose and writhed in the
dark
As the whirlwinds twirled to the clear sky;
The sky that was black save for a spark
Of white light; 'twas a star passing by!

All things die with an upsurge of life,
So does fall with its glorious hues
With its bright harvests and signs of strife,
With its skies of deep crystalline blues.
In one single wild night all is spent;
The bright tints fade to dull lifeless brown.
Fall is gone with her lush, warm content.
Too soon the snow falls quietly down.

GOD'S HAND

ALICE DENNIS, '49

'Tis spring!
As one looks about the earth that once seemed dead and gone,
He sees, not barren emptiness, but the hand of God giving life to all the earth.

'Tis spring!
Yes, the birds that once were gone in search of homes for the winter,
Have again returned to add their sweet song to the newness of our land.

'Tis spring!
The lilacs, just leafy trees a month ago, have bloomed into fragrant,
Sweet smelling, blossoms.
The perfume only God can make and no arts of man can equal.

'Tis spring!
You can feel it in the clear, fresh air that covers like a blanket, the earth so innocent and new.
You cannot help but think it must have been in spring that God created our great and beautiful land.

'Tis spring!
It's like a new year. The flowers, birds, and trees are brought to life to shed their beauty to a dying world.
But their beauty does not last for long, for winter comes in all its might and power, and takes this little land so new to rest until another year.

'Tis spring!
Oh! why should it ever have to leave! It's such a beautiful season!

A CALL TO HEAVEN

PATRICIA PALMER, '49

God, to Thee now we are calling,
With a loud and bitter cry!
All youth is fighting, falling,
Driven forth in groups to die.
Wilt Thou never make an ending?
Will the horror never cease?
Shining through the storms now rending,
Send the rainbow of Thy peace!
In this war which we have tasted
Where our sons lie with the slain
Let not all the tears be wasted,
Nor these men to die in vain!
Not a mighty plant of freedom,
Flourish from the blood stained sod,
With the powers of our nations,
Build the commonwealth of God!

GREY DAWN

JUANITA BARCOMB, '49

Silently stealing
Across the darkened sky
Like grey watercolor streaked
On a gloomy canvas;
Approach the ghosts
Like fleeting shadows
Assuming unknown proportions
That the o'erwrought mind creates
In the mysterious half-light
Of dawn.

A "HOME"

SIGRID FRANCIS, '50

There amid the tangles and vines
Obscure for none to see,
Stands a dwelling on a hill
Forgotten through eternity.

The rain dashes against its walls
The snows are fierce and bold;
But all alone it bravely stands
Conquering death and cold.

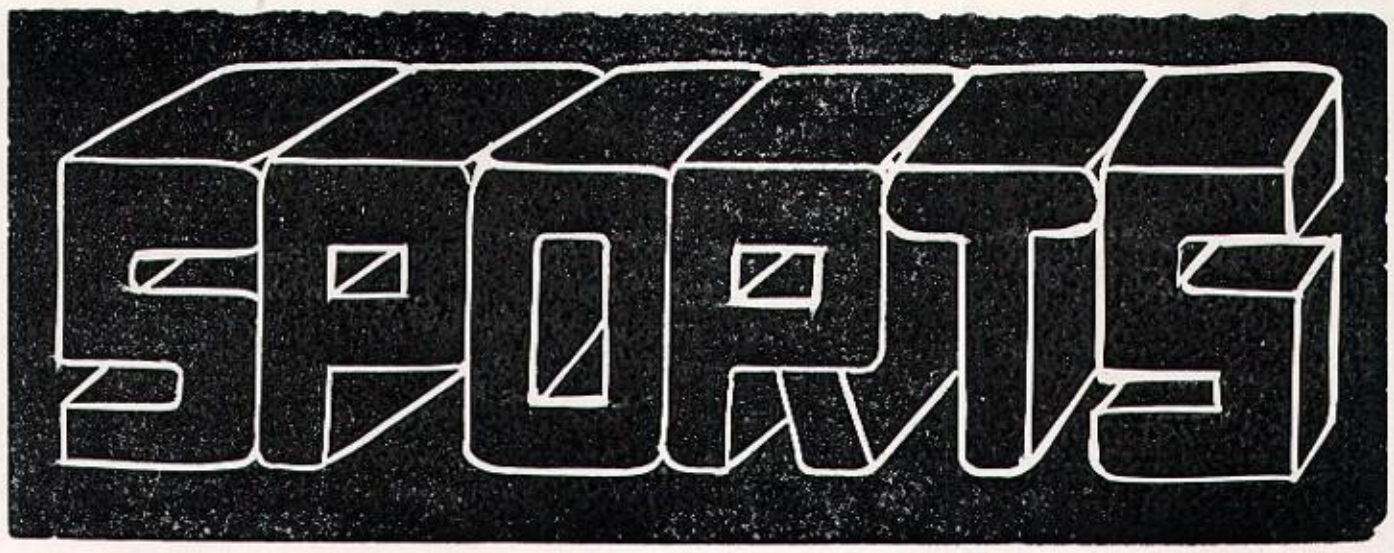
THE BIG ONE

PERLEY WARDEN, JR., '49

Down he went with long legged stride,
To cast a line into the tide
He cast the line with all his might
Out it flew and landed right,
An hour passed, still no luck,
Then came a swirl and lightning struck,
The prey lashed out extremely hard.
The fisherman was on his guard!
Then suddenly after a long wait
He hauled in an old rusted skate!

"Now, Willie," coaxed Mamma, "be a good boy and open your mouth so this nasty doctor can get his finger out."

When an all Texas regiment landed in Africa, the captain warned all of his men. He said, "Remember, we got to humor the natives here. If they say that Africa is bigger than Texas, agree with them."



Basketball

The Spaulding High School basketball team weathered a stormy season this year and wound up with a record of five wins and fifteen losses. However, everyone is looking forward to a better team next year due to the number of experienced boys returning. The Jayvees came through with flying colors, posting a record of thirteen wins and four losses. The Juniors were led through their victorious campaign by Paul Harris and "Arc" Burbank with 161 and 149 points respectively. The following players participated in varsity basketball. The first eight were awarded their letters.

Royal Edgerly,	Senior
Richard Cormier,	Senior
Gene Poire,	Senior
Richard DesMarais,	Senior
Richard Brennan,	Senior
Edward Shaw,	Junior
Louis Barisano,	Junior
Richard Hamilton,	Junior
Raymond Tremblay,	Senior
Thomas Steeves,	Senior
James Flaker,	Junior
James Donlon,	Junior
Gordon Bird,	Junior
George O'Brien M. G. R.,	Senior

The following players participated in Junior Varsity basketball. The first six received Junior Varsity emblems.

Thomas Burbank,	Junior
Paul Harris,	Junior
Robert O'Brien,	Junior
Arnold Notkin,	Sophomore
Frank Knights,	Sophomore
John Carrigan,	Freshman
Morton Leary,	Junior
Richard Grenier,	Sophomore
Bruce Hescock,	Sophomore
Kenneth Hussey,	Sophomore
William Pelley,	Sophomore
John Newhall,	Freshman

Track Schedule

May 7	Southeastern N. H. Meet at Rochester
May 11	Somersworth at Rochester
May 14	Clipper Relays at Portsmouth
May 21	Kiwanis meet at Laconia
May 25	Triangular meet between Rochester, Dover, and Portsmouth at Dover
June 4	State meet at Durham

Tennis

Coach Beard and Captain "Rich" Cormier are trying to match last year's perfect record in tennis. This year's team will compete on a home and home basis with Portsmouth and Laconia.

The schedule is as follows:

May 16	At Portsmouth	
May 20	At Laconia	
May 31	Portsmouth, here	
June 3	Laconia, here	

Baseball

Coach Herman is rounding his baseball team into shape for this year's encounters with only a handful of veterans coming back. As things look now the starting line up will be Roger Palmer, pitcher; George O'Brien, catcher; Gary Randall, first base; Gene Poire, second base; Richard Brennan, shortstop; Vaughn Walsh, third base; Reginald Grenier, left field; Victor Cardosi, center field; and Norman Beaudoin, right field.

CONCORD 7—SPAULDING 2

An inexperienced Spaulding High baseball team dropped a seven to two decision to Concord in their opening game of the 1949 season. The big blow for the Raiders was Gary Randall's second inning triple. Righthander Roger Palmer went the distance and did quite well as most of the Concord runs came as a result of poor support afield.

Baseball Schedule

May 3	Manchester Central	there
May 4	Concord	here
May 10	Dover	there
May 13	Laconia	there
May 16	Portsmouth	there
May 18	Manchester Central	here
May 20	Dover	here
May 23	Somersworth	here
May 25	Concord	there
May 26	Laconia	here
May 31	Portsmouth	here
June 7	Somersworth	there

Junior High Tournament

A disheartened Junior High club came back from the Annual Grammar School Tournament at Dover, after being eliminated in the quarter finals by a taller and older team from Portsmouth. The Junior High club won their preliminary tilt with Newmarket. The ten boys who made the trip were: Co-Captains "Duddy" Flaker and "Dick" Lewis, Charles Hervey, "Jim" Smith, "Joe" Taffe, "Bob" Vanesse, "Don" O'Brien, "Dick" Charles, "Buster" Lessard, and Gerard Beaudoin. Although the team did not have a very successful season, it looks as though there are some promising ball players on it for future teams at Spaulding.

Track

The Spaulding High School track team is looking forward to a successful season under coaches Lylis and Mooney. Among the veterans from last year's squad are runners "Dick" DesMarais, "Pete" Scala, "Ray" Stuart, John Johnstone, Fred Morris, "Mike" Donlon, Carroll Ham, "Bob" Marsh, and "Don" Mills. "Slim" Bird, "Happy" Barisano, and "Moe" Leary are three outstanding weight men returning.

The worst blow that the team has received thus far is the report that star half miler "Jim" Upham will be unable to run due to a heart condition.

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